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TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN.

BY SHORTFELLOW.

CHAPTER I.

Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

SHAKESPEARE

WERE you ever jealous, fair reader? No.—Then pray that you never may be—that your days may be free from it, and your nights know it not. Little do we know what jealousy is, from what lexicographers set it down for. Webster says that jealousy is “that passion or peculiar uneasiness, which arises from the fear that a rival may rob us of the affections of one whom we love, or the suspicion that he has already done it; or it is the uneasiness which arises from the fear that another does or will enjoy some advantage which we desire for ourselves. *Jealousy* is nearly allied to *envy* for *jealousy*, before a good is lost by ourselves, is converted into *envy*, after it is obtained by others.

2. Suspicious fear or apprehension.

3. Suspicious caution or vigilance; an earnest concern or solicitude for the welfare or honor of others.

4. Indignation.”

This is made as plain as words can form sentences to express it, but yet to know what jealousy is, we must have felt it. To show how far this feeling may carry us, into what follies it may lead us—is the design of the present story. We enter upon it with some delicacy: never having been visited by the “green-eyed monster” ourselves, we are venturing upon (to us) unknown grounds; but as what we are about to chronicle came under our personal knowledge, we take the risk of being laughed at and so—*commencens*.

Mr. Almay, (we shall make use of fictitious names of course,) stood behind his counter, in his splendid retailing establishment of English goods, on Washington street. His clerks were employed in adjusting the goods on the shelves, for Mr. Almay was very nice, and when nothing better offered, kept them constantly at work, as we have stated. ’Tis said we should “prepare for war in the time of peace,” so Mr. Almay prepared for business when business there was none. His shop had been thronged all the morning; still his sales

had been comparatively light, for it was one of those days—“the weather like the prophet’s heaven”—which drew hundreds of the fair ones of earth into the street; and, willing to believe they are in want of some sort of finery, they enter the different shops—but never buy, as many can testify as well as Mr. Almay.

We repeat, so had it been on this day, and Mr. Almay and his clerks had displayed thousands of his choicest goods to little profit, and now had nothing to do but place them on the shelves again. While the clerks were thus employed, a lady richly dressed, entered the shop, and asked to look at crape shawls. Several boxes were thrown upon the counter by Mr. Almay, who proceeded to lay their rich contents before his fair customer. While displaying his wares, he could not keep his eyes from the person of the young lady; and if the truth must be told, Mr. Almay was particularly unfortunate in this respect. He was one of those men who are pleased with every new face (provided it is pretty) they see, and whose hearts beat furiously at every chance glance from a pretty eye, be it black, blue or hazel.

But in this instance it was not the face that attracted his attention; for lovely though it might be, it was hidden from his gaze by a black lace veil. A pair of dark, flashing eyes were discernible indeed, which were enough of themselves to stir his blood; but the chief charm for Mr. Almay, consisted in her sylph-like form, the freedom of her light step, combined with grace of person that would have rivalled, in his estimation, Diana and her nymphs, and the whole train of goddesses from Juno downwards. His fair customer seemed to be conscious that he was attentively regarding her, and manifested a little uneasiness, but this rendered her only the more attractive, in his eyes.

But everything, however agreeable, must have an end, and so with the delightful spell that bound Mr. Almay’s ravished senses. The purchase was soon made, and the fair purchaser left the shop with the desire that the shawl might be sent to — street, No. 6. Mr. Almay, hardly conscious of what he did, gazed after her receding form from the window, till it disappeared down the street, and then turning away with a sigh, wrapped the shawl in a suitable paper, preparatory to being sent out.

Most likely Mr. Almay would have forgotten the fair stranger in the first pretty face that graced his shop with its smiling presence, but unfortunate-

ly for him, no such face came to his aid, and Mr. Almay was left to dwell upon the bright being that had flashed like a meteor upon the horizon of his vision.

Mr. Almay had an unconquerable desire to look at the house No. 6. in — street; perhaps he might get a sight of the lady herself. He still held the newly purchased shawl in his hand. His clerks were all engaged—he would not take them from their work, he thought, but carry the bundle to No. 6 — street himself; besides, he had not been out all the morning, and the walk would do him good. So do men try to mould their wishes into a form that shall be acceptable to their consciences, and labor to make that, which appears not exactly right—a duty.

Now if Mr. Almay had been a single gentleman—but he was not. He had taken to his bosom a being he had promised always to cherish; he had sworn at the altar to cleave to her and forsake all others; and to say truth, he felt not exactly easy; but then, for the sake of the walk, and rather than his clerks should be called off, he would go.

CHAPTER II.

No. 6, in — street, proved to be a small wooden house, in no very flourishing condition. But it was valuable for what it contained, and Mr. Almay could almost hear his heart beat when he stood before the door. His ring was answered by a servant girl, and as the door swung back, he caught a glimpse of the unknown lady leaving the hall by a door at the extreme end.

“Will you have the goodness to walk in, sir?” asked the girl.

Mr. Almay’s eyes dilated not a little at this demand so unusual, and though he would have put himself to much inconvenience in order to have got in, he now hesitated, not knowing what he should do. The girl resumed,

“My mistress desired me to ask the gentleman who would bring home her last purchase, to price some silks she bought on yesterday; will you oblige her in this?”

Mr. Almay thought this a strange request, but he was excited, and consented without knowing hardly what he did. Following the servant, he was ushered into a small but richly furnished parlor. At one end, on a table, was spread out the magnificent silk on which he was desired to set a value. He examined the silk, and soon fixed in his mind a valuation, but not knowing why the request was made, asked an explanation.

The girl smiled and said,

"My mistress is possessed of the idea that every body intends to cheat her. Why," said she, lowering her voice so none might hear her but Mr. Almay, "she is the stingiest person I ever knew. She buys every thing that's rich, but she isn't willing to pay more than half the things are worth, and it is this fear that she may have got cheated, that induced her to ask you to set a price to it."

Mr. Almay wondered at this piece of intelligence as well he might, for she had paid him his price for the shawl (\$75) without once asking an abatement, which did not look much like parsimony.—The girl, however, seemed determined he should not discredit her, and resumed,

"Why, sir, nothing keeps her in this house, only she is too stingy to rent a better one, and the wages she pays me, would not victual a cat."

"Why do you remain with her then?" inquired Almay, who thought the girl was actuated to what she said, by some dislike for her mistress.

"If I should leave her, I should not be able to get another place very soon, and I am too poor to be idle, sir. My mistress is very rich, indeed she is; she might live in a splendid house, and keep two or three girls, and a carriage and footmen; but no, she must live here alone, without a soul in the house but myself. She is getting tired of it, though, and wishes to take a boarder, she says for company, but I think it is for the sake of the money she would make out of it. Perhaps you know of a gentleman who would like to get board and wouldn't mind paying well for it? Perhaps you would like a boarding place yourself? We are retired here, and our rooms are snug and tidy."

Here was a situation for a man like Mr. Almay to be placed in! Here was a temptation he was little calculated to withstand. That beautiful being (he did not doubt she was beautiful as she was perfect in form, though he had not seen her face)—she who had so much enlisted his feelings and drawn upon his imagination had opened her house to him, which would give him an opportunity to solve the mystery that seemed to attach itself to her. What ought he to do? What might he expect? He would do nothing wrong, he thought, oh, no; but he must know who this fair strange being was—so rich, and yet so lonely in her habits.

An opportunity now offered for him to satisfy his curiosity; why not embrace it? Was there anything wrong in it? he thought not. But how bring it about? Could he secure rooms here and not be discovered by his wife? He would do nothing to wrong his wife; Oh! no; but it might just as well be kept from her, not on his account, for he would never do anything that he would not let the whole world see; but then his wife was so jealous of him, and it might save her, poor thing, some unpleasant feelings. Oh! Mr. Almay was a very considerate man, very.

Mr. Almay resided some miles out of the city, consequently he was obliged to take his dinners in town. He could now dine here, and, as his business occasionally called him away from home over night, he could easily make it more frequent and spend a night here, every now and then, and it would go hard but he would know more of the "beautiful unknown." Have a care, Mr. Almay, or that "now and then" will be the undoing of you. Having made his mind up to it, he ex-

pressed his willingness to the girl to engage the rooms. At this moment the voice of the mysterious lady was heard to call,

"Susan."

"My mistress calls," said the girl "I will inform her that you wish for board; there's no doubt but she will be glad of you sir."

Mr. Almay could not exactly understand the look the girl gave him when she said this. "No doubt but she will be glad of me," he repeated to himself. There was something meant in that; no matter, if he could only see the lady, he would soon have an understanding, but before he could make up his mind to ask so great a boon, the girl had left the room.

Mr. Almay being left alone, gave himself up to feelings as agreeable as they were seductive.—What had passed within the last hour, seemed to him like a dream. A being surprisingly beautiful suddenly appeared before him—an unaccountable desire seized him to follow her home;—he does so, and straightway is invited to take up his abode with her. He thought it rather strange, but upon the whole, he liked it. He thought their meeting not altogether accidental; he thought he detected something like interest on the part of the lady while in the store, and he could not but think she knew who he was when he was invited to walk in: and more, that she knew whom she was inviting to become a boarder and lodger. How Mr. Almay could come to this conclusion, we cannot see, but so he did, and he was not a little flattered by it.—While he was indulging in thoughts like these, the servant girl returned.

"My mistress is very glad to avail herself of you as a boarder," she said, "and as it is now nearly two o'clock, she begs you will remain and dine with her to-day, and that you will take your lodging here immediately."

On Mr. Almay's giving his consent, he was again left alone. He rubbed his hands as he thought,

"She must be taken with me, the dear. I really should like to hear her name, though. I noticed as I came in, there was no name on the door. It is pretty well to dine with a lady, even, I do not know; I'm a lucky fellow." And so his thoughts run on for the space of half an hour, when the servant girl returned and announced dinner.

"One moment, my dear," said Almay, staying her, "will you oblige me with your mistress's name?"

"She has reserved that pleasure, for herself, sir."

"So, so—" thought Almay.

Mr. Almay's heart beat like a young girl's, when she, for the first time, listens to a tale of love from the man she adores, on arriving at the door that led into the dining-room, where he had no doubt the "beautiful unknown" was impatiently awaiting him; but he had but a moment to collect himself, for the door was immediately thrown open by the servant, and he entered, but—no lady was there.

She will be here presently, he thought and glanced about the room, in the centre of which stood the table on which was served up the dinner in white china.

"My mistress begs you will excuse her," said the girl, "she has gone to her room with a slight headache."

Almay was sorely disappointed at this, but he did not choose the servant girl should be a witness of it, and he seated himself at the table without a word. The dinner did not relish very well, for Mr. Almay—contrary to his usual habit—had no appetite; his thoughts were with the "beautiful unknown." Did she really know who he was? did she purposely avoid him? These were questions to which he could find no satisfactory answer, but he was determined to see the end of this singular affair, and unravel the mystery hanging over his fair landlady. Dinner over, he desired the servant not to keep tea waiting for him, as he should only return to lodge. He took his leave.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Almay left the city earlier this afternoon than usual, and entered his home feeling very much like a guilty man. We have before more than hinted, that he was a man pleased with every pretty face he chanced to meet with—that he had been known to walk behind a young lady possessed of a pretty ankle, for miles; this was his misfortune. He was, moreover, very agreeable and very attentive to every lady, when occasion allowed; but this was only politeness, as it is called. It is certain that Mr. Almay had never before been guilty of anything like his present folly nevertheless, his wife—poor thing—was jealous of him, which was not without her lord's knowledge.

We have previously said, that Mr. Almay's business made it necessary for him occasionally to be absent from home over night. This, which his wife could not understand, with his known politeness to ladies, were the causes which rendered his wife jealous of him. He in no wise tried to convince her she was in error, but seemed rather to help her along in her delusion, as a punishment for doubting him. He knew himself guiltless of any real crime; and he knew his own peculiarities too, but these he looked at as only faults, and few men like to be continually reminded of their faults. This was undoubtedly the reason that Mr. Almay seldom if ever acquainted his wife with the nature of the business that called him away, but merely said he must go, which rendered her very unhappy.

Mr. Almay entered the presence of his wife and found her—not in tears—but very near it, bending over her little daughter, busying herself with laying the graceful curls upon the child's neck, which was only to cover her feelings, nearly ready to burst forth. She did not look up when he entered and he made some passing remark and seated himself by the window.

We shall not enter into a description of the beauties of Mrs. Almay's face and person, but only say, that, had she not been his wife, Mr. Almay would have thought her the most lovely person he ever saw, so prone are some men to covet what they have not, and to think lightly of what they really do possess. They had been married but three years, a little daughter had been given them to bind them more closely together, they truly loved each other, but yet *knew not each other*, and were unhappy in their relation.

Had Almay met with a smile and a welcome from his wife on his return, it would most likely have changed his purpose, he would have repented—as his conscience already pricked him—of the

thing he meditated. But meeting her as he did, he muttered something about there always being a storm—that he never found his house cheerful, but always gloomy. Poor man! he never dreamed that he was the principal cause of all; that for a man and woman to live happily together, they must not only love, but put unbounded confidence in each other, and that he had done nothing towards maintaining such confidence, but to the contrary.

His wife heard, but said nothing, and though her tears fell fast upon her daughter's head, they were silent and told not of their presence. The little child looked up into her mother's face, but she was accustomed to see her weep, and betrayed no surprise.

Thus passed the time till supper, and while at the board, few words were exchanged by the husband and wife. The little girl prattled, indeed, but it was unnoticed, and gained for her no thanks for endeavoring to make the meal a cheerful one.—Thus was their board, their fire-side—which wanted but a proper spirit to render it the choicest blessing Heaven can bestow—turned into that place the least enviable upon earth—a hapless home.

Supper was over, and Almay took up his hat and whip. He saw his wife's tearful eyes following him, but he only said—"I am going away on business, and shall most likely be detained all night," and went out. He had said so, and *gone out* so, twenty times before, but never with the same feeling at his heart—*guilt*. When the door closed on him, the poor wife sank down beside her child; but one word escaped her lips—"lost! lost!"

CHAPTER IV.

Nine o'clock, and Almay was at No. 6, in — street. He was met at the door, as before, by the servant girl, and shown into the parlor.—He did not feel exactly easy, though he tried to make himself at home, and seating himself at the table, looked over several books of fine drawings, though, truth to say, when he had finished, he could not have told what he had seen—his thoughts were with the fair unknown. He tried to analyze his feelings. What brought him to this place?—Why was he here? What did he propose by staying? These were questions he did not care to answer. Enough that he was there—that he did not know the name of her whose roof sheltered him—knew nothing of her character or standing, or what he might expect from her; he had not as yet seen her face, and it seemed to him he never should. While he was thus scanning his motives and intentions, the servant placed a dish of choice fruit before him, and Mr. Almay took this opportunity to "hope her mistress had recovered from her indisposition."

The girl answered that she was better, but must defer the pleasure of seeing her guest until morning. She also informed him when he was ready to retire, she would show him to his room.

Almay bit his lips. It was evident the "beautiful unknown" lady, whoever she might be, purposely avoided him. He began to think he had been playing a fool's part, and that he should get his "labor for his pains," and he fell fifty per cent. in his own estimation. Soon after this, he was shown to his room. He did not immediately retire but seated himself to think over what he should do.

Mr. Almay was far from being a bad man; he

had his weak points; he was vain and easily carried away with his passions; but they had never so far mastered him as on the present occasion.—And indeed he began to feel ashamed of this, and to wish he had not allowed himself to go so far.—His wife was jealous of him, and as long as he knew it was without a cause, he did not care for it; but now he felt he had given her cause; he knew he had wronged her, and with the knowledge came a feeling of pity for the innocent being he had so wronged. He remembered her looks when he parted from her—her tearful, reproachful eyes, and it cut him to the soul. He felt for the first time, that he had not shown for his wife that love, that respect he ought. He would do better, he thought, and as soon as it was light the next morning, he would leave this house, go home to his wife, confess and ask her pardon for what he had done.

Having come to this determination, he rose to retire, when he heard footsteps at his door, and light as they were, they alarmed him. What could bring them to his door at this late hour?—The thought flashed upon him possibly it was for his money, of which he had a considerable sum about him, and that he had been enticed into the house for that very purpose. He did not know the girl—she might be the most abandoned of her sex. She had avoided him ever since she was sure of him, and this would seem to account for it. He had seen no one in the house but the servant girl, and she had told him that her mistress and she dwelt alone, but there might be many in the house besides, and he knew nothing of it; and he had no means of defending himself. Mr. Almay felt very uncomfortable.

But he had but a few moments to reflect, for the light step was followed by a soft rap on the door.

"Who's there?" inquired Almay, in as firm a voice as he could command.

There was no answer.

A minute passed—during which time Mr. Almay stood trembling in the middle of the room, and wishing he was any where else—even home, he thought, would be preferable—and there was another rap.

Almay summoned up sufficient courage to open the door, and the "beautiful unknown" entered the room. She was dressed in a flowing robe of white muslin, and looked so pure and angelic, that Almay instantly forgot all fear. She still wore the veil, which concealed her features, yet revealed her beautifully rounded shoulders and swelling bust.—She appeared much excited, and Almay saw that she trembled, and was obliged to seek a chair for support. All amazement, he gazed on her for some moments in silence, and finding she was not inclined to speak, he asked—to what he was indebted for this visit. She made no reply, but pointed to the door. He understood that she wished it to be closed, and accordingly closed it. She then motioned him to be seated, and he sat down wondering the while what all this preparation portended. A few minutes of awkward silence followed during which time the lady's agitation increased. She appeared like one who wished to unbosom herself, and yet knew not how to commence. Almay wishing to relieve her, inquired if he could be of any service to her.

She made considerable effort. "Mr. Almay," she said, but the voice was low and tremulous.

"Madam."

There was another pause, but not long, and she inquired in the same tone, "Have you any desire to marry?"

Almay started at this question, as well he might, coming from one he did not know—in such a place and at such an hour. He knew he had laid himself open, but before he would answer, he must know her motive for asking.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"To satisfy myself," she answered. "To learn more of you—to know your feelings—to judge for myself; for months have I waited for this hour."

"You surprise me, madam!"

"You are no stranger to me, Mr. Almay. Did you suppose it was by accident that I entered your store? Did you think we had never met before?"

"We had never met, to my knowledge."

"We have often met, very often—where, it matters not now. I entered your shop to-day, and you followed me home;—*why* did you follow me home?"

Almay again started at the question put so direct, which gave him no room for evasion, and a question, too, he was so illy prepared to answer.—He would have said, it was to bring home her shawl, only that his conscience, gave the lie to it; and while he yet hesitated, not knowing what answer to make, she resumed—

"Was it that you then took an interest in me? that you saw any thing in me to admire—any thing to awaken love? Or had you a less worthy motive?"

She paused for a reply.

Almay knew not what to answer. He felt her eyes were upon him; he could not tell a falsehood—he could not tell the truth. She seemed to understand his embarrassment, and said—

"I will not now question your motive, for it is past; but I have another question to ask, and request a sober and candid answer."

"Ask it, madam."

"Do you feel capable of loving? Can you love such a person as you might imagine me to be?—Could you be contented to give her your whole time and attention?—bestow all your smiles on her—those smiles so dear to a woman's heart?—bear with all her caprices and follies?—bear with all her chidings?—overlook all her faults? Say, say, could you do this? Could you so love one, whose chief merit lies in loving you thus—who for years has had no one thought but for your happiness—no wish but for your prosperity—no hope but for your love;—to whom earth presents no good if it be not tasted by you—life no charm if it be not shared with you—whose prayers *are* and ever *will* be, that she may live and die by your side? Say, tell me, can you, *will* you love her?"

Her voice at first was low and tremulous; but as she proceeded to speak of that love which it was evident she felt herself, it became steady, and fell upon the ear in flutelike tones; her bosom heaved with the strong passion she portrayed, and her whole being was one voice that spoke for her.—Almay looked on in silence, and in his soul pitied her that thus love and yet be doomed to have it crushed like a withered flower in her own heart, nor give out that fragrance on which it lives. He despised himself for what he had done, though he little looked for what had come to pass. He felt he had done enough, and would now try to alleviate what he could not help.

"Lady," he said, "I grieve for what I have done; I grieve for the feelings you have exhibited. I confess that my only motive in seeking you out was to indulge a feeling of vanity that possessed me. I did not *then* know you, nor do I now; but that I have given you cause to indulge a hopeless passion, I execrate myself. I do not feel myself altogether to blame, for I knew you not, and if I understand you, this love is of long standing; and if you have known me so long, you must likewise have known, that I am married."

"Alas! yes, I *did* know it," she said, in a desponding tone. "I was present at your wedding, and loved you *then* as few can love. I had seen you often before, when you came to our village to visit *her* you wedded, and the love I then felt grew stronger and stronger as day by day I grew older, until you see me what I am and what I always *shall be*, wholly thine. I have never despaired of gaining thy love—I do not despair *now*. I have riches beyond all our wants—more than sufficient, though we should lavish. It shall be thine, and how happily we will pass our lives; it will be one continued day of sunshine and joy—one continued hour of love and happiness.—Shall we not be blest?"

"And you ask of me to desert my wife, and live with you?"

"And why not? You do not love her."

"Who says I do not love her?"

"I say so; your own actions, and the whole world."

"The whole world *lies* then! and my *actions* too!" said Almay, emphatically. "Has it come to this?—do I indeed stand in this light? Perhaps I have given them cause. I have been too niggardly in my care, too beggarly in my attentions. I have not shown her half the love I have for her,—it was my foolish vanity and temper that kept me from it. But she shall have no reason to complain of me hereafter, nor the *world* either. They shall see I love my wife, and can make her happy." During this speech, the unhappy woman sobbed like a child; her heart seemed ready to burst from her bosom, which heaved at every breath like the swelling tide. Almay looked at the frail being before him, and to see her the sport of such powerful feelings, made his heart bleed, and to reflect that he had in the slightest possible manner been instrumental in bringing this upon her—he could almost weep. In a few minutes she appeared more calm and said—

"I never dreamed of this; your actions, your looks (be sure I have watched them closely) *all* helped to deceive me. But if you have this affection for your wife, why did you follow me, and why are you here to-night?"

"In this I have done wrong; but it is but another instance where vanity has led men into errors, when their hearts went not with it. Vanity whispered—'You have made an impression;' and to satisfy myself it was so, I was led into worse than folly. But I had enough of it; and before you entered this room, had repented, and determined to quit this house at dawn, and acquaint my wife with all. But, that I have given you pain, I grieve—that I have given you encouragement, I despise myself."

"Let no thought of me make you unhappy.—My love may render *me* unhappy, but I would not part with it for all that thought could wish.—

Neither would I accept of *thee* now. If you do indeed love your wife as you say, cleave to her.—I sought thy whole heart, as I gave thee mine.—Fare thee well."

She rose to leave the room, but Almay stayed her. "Tell me at least who you are," he said, "that have taken such an interest in my poor self. Remove that veil, that I may hold thy face in remembrance."

"It may not be," she said. "She who has loved as I have, and failed to awaken one pitying return, should carry it a secret to her grave."

She gazed on him a few moments in silence, and then turned and slowly approached the door.—Again she paused. "You will at least grant me this poor boon—you will keep what has passed this night a secret from your wife."

"I know not if I ought to do even that. In justice to her I should tell all; and besides, it will be like a load of guilt on my soul. I could not rest with it there."

The lady made no reply. One more sad and lingering look, and—she was gone. A reproving conscience, and pity for that unhappy lady, had done their work upon Almay. *He was a better man.*

CHAPTER V.

The sun was not an hour from its ocean bed, when Almay drew up before his home. He was happier than he had been for years. All nature looked more cheerful; the birds sang with more of joy in their notes, the morning breeze had more of life in it, and every object looked strangely new and pleasing to him. He expected reproaches from his wife—he was prepared for them; he would silence all complaints, and pour such oil upon her wounded feelings, as should leave no room on which to hinge a doubt of his sincerity.

He entered the breakfast room. The sun shone in with more than its wonted brightness, making it more cheerful than it ever looked before. A warm breakfast smoked upon the table. In a few minutes he heard his wife's step descending the stairs; she entered the room, leading her little child. She had not been weeping, as he expected to find her, but looked as happy as every thing else. She made no allusion to his last night's absence, but bade him good morning in her sweetest tone—What mystery was here?—and his little daughter, too, ran for a kiss, and climbed upon his knee.—Was it possible that all this change was in him? When he expected reproaches, he got kind words—where he looked for tears, he met with smiles.

Mrs. Almay was preparing to sit down at the table, when he desired her to stop. He would not again approach that board, until he had made a full and ample confession. He did so, commencing with his first encountering the "beautiful unknown" at his shop, and ending with her visiting him in his room. His wife listened attentively until he had finished, when she asked—

"And you have no idea who this lady is?"

"Not the slightest," he answered. "She told me she had seen me often when I came to visit you but her features were so concealed by a thick veil—"

"What, like this?" inquired Mrs. Almay, throwing a veil over her face.

"What do I see? That veil—"

"Forgive me, Edwin," said the wife, rushing into his arms. "Forgive me that I took this

method to satisfy myself and prove thy love. If you knew how happy the result has made me, you would not scold me."

"Dearest, I thank thee for it; for it has taught me to know myself and thy worth—it has taught me what I might have been a whole life in learning—that if a man would find happiness, he would seek it at home; and that if he sought it rightly *there*, he would find it. Convinced of this fact, my life shall prove the sincerity of my views, and I will live alone for our child and thee."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

ALICE MERTON.

"The human heart is full
Of Love that must be given,
However checked, estranged, and chilled,
To something under heaven."

"O! Alice, only think, in two more weeks and we shall be free" exclaimed the beautiful Lucia Elmore as she sprang to her friend's side, after the duties of the school room were all performed.

"How like uncaged birds we will feel," she added, "when once more in our sweet homes. Do you know, friend mine, I *could* wish sometimes that I had not undertaken to graduate, for *then* I should not return here to task my poor brain during the hot summer months? But heigho! methinks I shall rejoice when I have won the much wished for prize—a diploma!"

And thus with all the bright hopes and enthusiasm of youth, she chatted on while her face was radiant with joy—her large hazel eyes sparkled with gladness, and excitement gave a deeper tinge to her cheek, as she indulged in her "day dreams" of life.

"How *lovely* she is," murmured Alice Merton to herself, as she gazed on the fair being beside her—and she thought not of her own peerless beauty, although her face and form was one that had always called forth words of admiration. The dark blue eye was full of expression, the noble brow told of holy thoughts and of a pure and gifted spirit, and the sweet smile gave evidence of a loving heart. One would look again and yet again to see if it was indeed a reality and not a being of the imagination they had seen; for so delicate was her sylph-like form, so beautiful her countenance that she seemed like some bright spirit lingering on earth.

Alice Merton and Lucia Elmore had known each other but a short six months, still, they loved with all the purity of *true friendship*, and were bound by ties of love which nought but death could sever.

And oh! how bright and pure is the affection of young and guileless hearts! There is a depth and fervency in that affection that makes it one of the sweetest realities of life. When the cold world has left its impress on the heart—when its quivering strings has been touched by rude hands and the golden cords of the spirit's lyre been snapped then we feel that such friendship is sacred. In our early years,

"Life but a font of gladness seems,"

and with all the trusting confidence of youth, we give to the chosen and cherished ones, the whole wealth of our best affections.

And thus it was Alice loved her friend, and strove to be as a loving sister to her, while she felt more than repaid by the love and devotion of Lucia—

The two weeks of the term passed quickly away, and amid joyous scenes and happy faces and smiles of welcome, vacation also flew by. Again the friends met after six weeks separation, to resume their studies for in three months they were to graduate.

Alice noticed oftentimes that a shade passed over the sunny brow of Lucia, yet it was not one of care or sorrow, but of lofty thought and deep feeling. Her clear ringing laugh was more soft and low—her step less bounding, and though the rose of youth was still on her cheek, woman's truth was on her brow. Her aims seemed higher, nobler, and a new life imparted to her.

One beautiful evening as they sat alone in their own room, Lucia stole softly to Alice's side and twining her soft arm around her, whispered, "Alice, have you ever loved—loved, with all the hearts deepest and holiest devotion?" Alice's brow crimsoned and the ruddy current of life leaped quickly through each vein, but concealing the emotion the question had caused, she inquired, "Why do you ask me, Lucia dear," and then she playfully retorted, "O! *ma chere amie*, by that tell-tale blush of yours, I know that the mischievous little god has run away with that same hard heart, you only a short time ago declared you would never surrender to him, Ah! ha, so Shakespeare is right in saying,

"Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps."

In a voice low but full of melting tenderness, Lucia replied, "But now dear Alice,

"There is a spirit-soothing strain;
That breathes its music o'er my heart,
And with its trancing sweetness, bids
Each earthly feeling thence depart.
Soft as a harp by angels touched,
It calmeth every wild desire;
And, low as murmuring waves at eve,
It stills the spirit's passion fire."

When you too have felt the power of love, you will not speak thus lightly. May you find one as noble and as purely good as he to whom I have plighted my vows. I have bowed at an earthly shrine and you will not wonder when you see Edward Clareville."

A dark cloud passed over the moon and hid her clear, silvery light, so that Lucia saw not that Alice's cheek paled and that she trembled with agitation, but with an effort she controlled herself, and in a voice calm but low (so low indeed that it seemed but the wind's whisper,) she said, "Then I feel, ay, *know* that you sweet one; will be very happy, for you are worthy of the deepest love of one as good as you say he is."

An hour passed and it was midnight! Guardian angels hovered around those fair and gentle beings. To Lucia they brought sweet sleep and bright dreams. How true it is, "Youth looks younger in its slumbers and beauty more beautiful, and purity more pure."

But Alice, knelt lowly in prayer. A guardian angel stood near—and though *unseen* she felt the holy influence of that heavenly messenger.

When she arose, she felt that she should find strength to "suffer and be still," for she too had seen and loved fondly, deeply Edward Clareville. They had met at a watering place the summer before and though he had not spoken of love, had it not beamed from his eye, and was it not written in every look? Had he not promised when they parted soon to visit her in her own bright home? Now she heard that he was the betrothed of her friend and she felt the necessity of hiding aye and *subduing* also that love; which had been the brightest star of her existence.—

Many a wondering gaze and sly glance was cast upon Lucia Elmore and Alice Merton, for it was apparent that both were changed. A new life and zest seemed imparted to both—one was urged on by the endeavor to become more worthy of the love of one of "Earth's gifted ones and true,"—the other sought to banish thought in searching for the mysteries of hidden knowledge and by drinking at the fount of wisdom.

The ordeal of "Examination" passed with credit and honor to all and especially to Alice and Lucia. All that now remained was the reading of the compositions and bestowal of the diplomas.

Many a beautiful essay sparkling with wit and depth of thought and vividness of imagination was presented. Soon after a gentleman arose and in a clear, melodious voice announced the title of one selected as bearing marks of superior talent. It was styled, "The influence which love exerts," and the bright blush on Lucia Elmore's cheek told that she had felt all, *all* she had written, for the essay was hers.

Immediately following was one entitled, "Darkness shows us light we never saw by day." So beautiful and chaste was every thought and expression—so full of pathos and truth was every sentiment, that all listened in breathless silence, and all admitted that its fair authoress should receive the laurel wreath, and on Alice Merton's fair, pure brow it was placed. But what was it now to her—what though loving friends clustered around to offer words of praise and congratulation.

She had

"Learned in suffering, what she had taught in song."

and she fain would have transferred that wreath to the beloved, the chosen one of Edward Clareville, but pale and trembling she knelt to receive it and with a sad heart.

The hour of parting came! The last farewell was spoken—the last kiss given and Alice departed for her home in the sunny south. She was the pride of an influential family and the admired of every circle. The proud and noble ones of earth bowed at the feet and craved the love of the beautiful and gifted heiress, but she turned with a tear from all for, she knew that,

"To the heart love comes but once,
Like blossom to the rose."

Some months after her return home, she received an earnest entreaty from Lucia to come and be her bridesmaid," for wrote the fair girl, "I shall not be perfectly happy if your sweet face beams not upon me." "One more struggle" thought Alice, "and then I may be free—I will nerve myself to behold him the husband of another and none shall ever know how devotedly I have loved."

She was clasped fondly to Lucia's heart on her arrival at her home, and the happy girl exclaimed, "Now my own Alice, you shall see Edward, and also the favored one who is to be your gallant at this joyous festival. He is Edward's cousin and is to be his groomsman; he has been coaxing this long, long time to have me tell him who is to be his companion, but we would not tell him, as we wished him to see you first."

She threw open the folding doors and introduced her friend to her betrothed: Judge of Alice's surprise when she found it was not the Edward Clareville she had known—nor was her surprise lessened when his cousin bearing the same name was announced, who proved to be the one she had loved.

The festivals of this occasion passed off joyously and after seeing her friend a happy bride Alice returned to her home with a light free heart.

The earth looked brighter to her than ever before, and there was a sweeter music in the songs of the birds and rippling streams.

Four weeks passed and the princely mansion of her father was open for the reception of guests—All were assembled when Alice more lovely than ever and dressed in snow white and a rich-veil that hung to her feet entered, leaning on the arm of a tall, noble looking stranger.

A few moments passed and Alice Merton was pronounced the wife of Edward Clareville.

November, 1848.

MEME.

MISCELLANY.

THE MOTHER—A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE sat a mother with a little child. She was so downcast, so afraid that it should die. It was so pale: the small eyes had closed themselves; it drew its breath so softly, and now and then, with a deep respiration, as if it sighed; and the mother looked still more sorrowful on the little creature.

Then a knocking was heard at the door, and in came a poor old man, wrapped up as in a horse cloth, for it warms one, and he needed it, as it was cold winter. Everything out of doors was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it cut the face.

As the old man trembled with cold, and the little child slept a moment, the mother went and poured some ale into a pint pot, and set it on the stove that it might be warmed for him; the old man sat and rocked the cradle, and the mother sat down on a chair close by him, looked at her little sick child that drew its breath so deep, and raised its little hand.

"Do you think that I shall save him?" said she, "our Lord will not take him from me?"

And the old man, it was Death himself, nodded so strangely, it could just as well signify yes as no.

And the mother looked down in her lap, and the tears ran down over her cheek; her head became so heavy; she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights, and now she slept, but only for a minute, when she started up, and trembled with cold. "What is that?" said she, and looked on all sides; but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone—he had taken it with him: and the old clock in the corner burred, and burred, the great leaden weight ran down to the floor, bump! and then the clock also stood still.

But the poor mother ran out of the house, and cried aloud for her child.

Out there, in the midst of the snow, there sat a woman in long, black clothes; and she said—"Death has been in thy chamber, and I saw him hasten away with thy little child; he goes faster than the wind; and he never brings back whom he takes!"

"Oh! only tell me which way he went!" said the mother, "tell me the way, and I shall find him!"

"I know it," said the woman in the black clothes; "but before I tell it thou must first sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for thy child!"

—I am fond of them; I have heard them before—I am Night; I saw thy tears whilst thou sang'st them."

"I will sing them all, all!" said the mother; "but do not stop me now—I may overtake him: I may find my child!"

But Night stood still and mute. Then the mother wrung her hands, sang, and wept, and there were many songs, but yet many more tears; and then Night said—"Go to the right, into the dark pine forest; thither I saw Death take his way with thy child."

The roads crossed each other in the depths of the forest, and she no longer knew whither she should go; then there stood a thorn bush; there was neither leaf nor flower on it; it was also in the cold winter season, and ice flakes hung on the branches.

"Hast thou not seen Death go past with my little child?" said the mother.

"Yes," said the thorn-bush; "but I will not tell which way he took, unless thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I am freezing to death; I shall become a lump of ice!"

And she pressed the thorn-bush to her breast so firmly, that it might be thoroughly warmed, and the thorns went right into her flesh, and her blood flowed in large drops; but the thorn-bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and there came flowers on it in the cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted mother was so warm; and the thorn-bush told her the way she should go.

She then came to a large lake where there was neither ship nor boat. The lake was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; neither was it open, nor low enough that she could wade through it; and across it she must go if she would find her child.—Then she lay down to drink up the lake, and that was an impossibility, for a human being; but the afflicted mother thought that a miracle might happen nevertheless.

"Oh, what would I not give to come to my child!" said the weeping mother; and she wept still more, and her eyes sunk down in the depths of the waters, and became two precious pearls; but the water bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and she flew in the rocking waves to the shores on the opposite side, where there stood a mile broad, a strange house, one knew not if it were built up; but the poor mother could not see it; she had wept her eyes out?

"Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?" said she.

"He has not come here yet!" said the old grave woman, who was appointed to look after Death's green-house. "How have you been able to find the way hither? And who has helped you?"

"Our Lord has helped me," said she. "He is merciful, and you will also be so. Where shall I find my little child?"

"Nay, I know not," said the woman, "and you cannot see! Many flowers and trees have withered this night. Death will soon come and plant them over again. You certainly know that every person has his or her life's tree or flower, just as every one happens to be settled; they look like other plants, but they have pulsations of the heart. Children's hearts can also beat; go after yours, perhaps you may know your child's; but what will you give me, if I tell you what you shall do more?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted

mother, "but I will go to the world's end for you."

"Nay, I have nothing to do there," said the woman, "but you can give me your long black hair; you know yourself that it is fine, and that I like. You shall have my white hair instead.—That's always something!"

"Do you demand nothing else?" said she, "that will I give you!" And she gave her fine black hair, and got the old woman's snow-white hair instead.

So they went into Death's great greenhouse, where flowers and trees grew strangely into one another. There stood fine hyacinths under glass bells, and there stood strong-stemmed peonies; there grew water plants, some so fresh, others half sick, the water-snake lay down on them, and black crabs pinched their stalks. There stood parsley and flowering thyme; every tree and flower had its name; each of them was a human life, the human frame still lived—one in China and one in Greenland—round about in the world. There were large flowers in small pots; so that they stood so stunted in growth, and ready to burst the pots; in other places, there was a little dull flower in rich mould with moss round about it, and it was so petted and nursed. But the distressed mother bent down over all the smallest plants, and heard within them how the human heart beat; and amongst millions she knew her child's.

"There it is," cried she, and stretched her hand out over a little blue crocus, that hung quite sickly on one side.

"Don't touch the flower," said the old woman, "but place yourself here, and when Death comes—I expect him every moment—do not let him pluck the flower up, but threaten him that you will do the same with others. Then he will be afraid; he is responsible for them to our Lord, and no one dares to pluck them up before he gives leave."

All at once an icy cold rushed through the great hall, and the blind mother knew that it was Death that came.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way hither?" he asked. "How couldst thou come quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," said she.

And Death stretched out his long hand towards the little flower, but she held her hand tight round his, so fast, and yet afraid that she should touch one of the leaves. Then Death blew on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the cold wind, and her hands fell down powerless.

"Thou canst not do anything against me," said Death.

"But our Lord can!" said she.

"I only do his bidding," said Death. "I am his gardener; I take all his flowers and trees, and plant them in the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land; but how they grow there, and how it is there, I dare not tell thee."

"Give me my child!" said the mother, and she wept and prayed. At once she seized hold of two beautiful flowers close by, with each hand, and cried out to Death, "I will tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair!"

"Touch them not," said Death. "Thou sayest thou art so unhappy, and now thou wilt make another equally unhappy."

"Another mother!" said the poor woman; and directly let go her hold of both the flowers.

"There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death; I fished them up from the lake, they shone so bright; I knew not they were thine. Take them again, they are now brighter than before; now look down into the deep well close by. I shall tell thee the names of the two flowers thou wouldst have pulled up, and thou wilt see their whole future life; their whole human existence; see what thou wast about to disturb and destroy."

And she looked down into the well, and it was a happiness to see how the one became a blessing to the world, to see how much happiness and joy was felt everywhere. And she saw the other's life, and its sorrow and distress, horror and wretchedness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said Death.

"Which of them is Misfortune's flower, and which is that of Happiness?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," said Death; "but this thou shalt know from me, that the one flower was thy own child; it was thy child's fate thou sawest; thy own child's future life."

Then the mother screamed with terror—"Which of them was my child? Tell it me! save the innocent! save my child from all that misery! rather take it away! take it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my prayers, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee," said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child again, or shall I go with it there, where thou dost not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, fell upon her knees, and prayed to our Lord. "Oh, hear me not, when I pray against thy will, which is the best! hear me not! hear me not!"

And she bowed her head down in her lap, and Death took her child, and went with it to the unknown land!

THE FIVE PEACHES.

A PEASANT returning from the city brought home with him five peaches, the most beautiful ones he could find. It was the first time his children had ever seen this fruit. Therefore they admired them and were delighted with their red cheeks and delicate down. The father then divided them among his four children, reserving one for their mother.

At evening before the children went into their sleeping room, their father asked them—"Well how have the peaches tasted?"

"Deliciously," dear father," said the eldest. "They are fine fruit so juicy and sweet. I have carefully kept the stone, and I will plant it and rear a tree."

"Good," replied the father; "that is acting prudently, and caring for the future as becomes a farmer."

"I ate mine up at once, and threw away the stone," said the youngest, "and mother gave me half of hers."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely, but still natural and like a child. Wisdom will come by and by."

The second son then said—"I picked up the stone which little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel in it just like a nut. But I sold my peach, and received for it money enough to buy twelve when I go to the city."

The father shook his head and said—"It was wisely done, indeed, but it was not natural nor

child-like, I think you are destined to be a merchant."

"And you Edmund?" asked the father. Edmund answered frankly and carelessly, "I carried my peach to our neighbor's son the sick George, who is ill of fever. He refused to take it. Then I laid it upon his bed, and came home."

"Well," said the father, "and who has made the best use of his peach?"

"Then all three cried out—"Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

BUSINESS LIKE.

A FEW nights back a small party of ladies and gentleman were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, and a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself, he would do it in a collected and business like manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, "I would say, Miss S—, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed, I love you, and would gladly make you my wife."

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S—, to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"Well, I declare," said the ladies in chorus.

The lady and gentleman, good reader, are to be married in October. Go thou and do likewise.—*City Item.*

WHAT A MAN MAY DO AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.

He may carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton. He may be seen in the omnibus box at the opera, but not on the box of an omnibus. He may be seen in a stall inside the theatre, but not at a stall outside one. He may dust another person's jacket, but must not brush his own. He may kill a man in a duel but he must not eat peas with his knife. He may thrash a coal heaver, but he mustn't ask twice for soup. He may pay his debts of honor, but he need not trouble himself about his tradesmen's bills. He may drive a stage coach, but he mustn't take or carry coppers. He may ride a horse as a jockey, but he mustn't exert himself in the least to get his living. He must never forget what he owes himself as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes as a gentleman to his tailor. He may do any and every thing, in fact, within the range of a gentleman—go through the insolvent debtor's court, or turn billiard marker, but he must never, on any account, carry a brown paper parcel, or appear in the street without a pair of gloves.—*N. O. Delta.*

A GOOD ONE

In the present day when old bachelors have become so serious an evil as to need legislative interference, we think that the following expedient, adopted by a lady in Connecticut, of rather a desperate age, will afford an excellent hint to some of our statesmen towards an effectual remedy. The circumstances are these:—A young lady became extravagantly fond of a young lawyer in the neigh-

borhood, who treated her partiality, with great levity. Finding her suit rather hopeless and being fully determined to enter the state of matrimony at some rate or other, she adopted the following plan: All at once she was taken ill, and her malady seemed to threaten death; at this crisis she sent for the young lawyer to draw her will, and to his astonishment she disposed of an enormous estate in legacies and endowing public institutions. She shortly after, however, recovered to enjoy her own wealth, and the young lawyer began to feel something like love for her; his addresses became constant, and his attentions marked, in fact in a short time they were married—but alas! he had to take the will for the deed.

STRIKING TOO QUICK.

A YOUNG Scotchman having wooed a buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a Scottish justice of the peace, to have the ceremony performed. They stood very meekly under the operation, until the magistrate was laying the damsel under obligations to obey her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," said the half made husband—"if this hand remains upon my body, I'll make her obey me!" "Are we married yet?" said the expectant maiden to the ratifier of covenants between men and women. "No," said the wondering justice. "Ah! very well" cried she, "we will finish the remainder to-morrow," and away skipped the damsel congratulating herself on her narrow escape.

A BUB.

"SALLY," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more—"afore we go into this ere museum, to see the Enchanted Horse, I wan'to ax you sumthin'."

"Well Ichabod what is it?"

"Why you see this ere business is a gwine to cost a quarter a piece, and I can't afford to spend so much money for nuthin'. Now, if you say you'll have me, darned ef I don't pay the hull on't myself. I will, sartain!"

Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time and paid the "hull o'nt."

A REVEREND old gentleman used frequently and strongly recommend prudence in conversation—"You should always think three times before you speak once," was his favorite maxim. One evening a negro servant, to whom this advice had often been given, and sometimes rather sharply, thus proved his obedience. "Massa, I think once—Massa, I think twice—Massa, I think three times your wig is on fire!"

How to GET RICH.—"Jones, if I was you, I would not—"

"Look here, Smith—I want none of your advice; but I'll tell you how you can make your ternal fortune."

"Will you?—how?"

"Just by minding your business."

Why is a missionary li' e a turkey on a spit?—Because he keeps going round *doing good.*

THE YANKEE'S CALCULATION.—"Well, it's curious how we du git over the ground. Why the trees all look as if they was a dancin' a jig to double quick time. I kin recollect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday I cud git in Fildelphy on next Saturday, makin' jist three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Fildelphy in one day, and I been calculatin' that if the power of steam increases for the next ten years, I'd be in Fildelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting."

This whole life is but one great school;—from the cradle to the grave we are all scholars. The voices of them we love, and the wisdom of past ages, and our own experience, are our teachers.—Afflictions give us discipline. The spirits of departed saints whisper to us, "come up higher."

MAN doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger and a light sickness often ends in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick.

THE wise man does three things. He abandons the world before the world abandons him; he builds his sepulchre before it is time to enter it, and does every thing pleasant in the sight of God before he is called to His presence.

An old bachelor editing a paper somewhere in the western country, puts "Melancholy Accidents" over the head of marriages.

I would not waste my youth in idle dalliance, but would plant rich seeds to blossom in my manhood and bear fruit when I am old.—*Young.*

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

E. F. L. New Woodstock, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. R. Westford, N. Y. \$5.00; Mrs. A. D. Pawlings, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. N. East Pembroke, N. Y. \$4.00; E. S. Raymertown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. R. New-York City, N. Y. \$1.00; F. A. C. Westport, N. Y. \$0.50; H. M. P. Valatie, N. Y. \$3.00; G. P. Bremen, Ia. \$1.00; P. M. Chaumont, N. Y. \$5.00; H. S. P. Lyndonville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. E. P. Cassville, Geo. \$1.00; J. H. T. Meredith, N. Y. \$4.00; A. H. Sempronius, N. Y. \$5.00; S. R. O. Volney, N. Y. \$4.00; H. H. C. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$0.50; E. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. New-Haven, N. Y. \$4.00; P. B. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. George Coles, Mr. Alexander Plass, to Miss Eliza Hallenbeck, all of this city.
In Claverack, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hinrod, Mr. William S. Smith, to Miss Ann Munger.
In Greenport, on the 26th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, James Storm, Esq. of this city, to Harriet, daughter of Jacob R. Hallenbeck, Esq. of Greenport.
In Clinton, Dutchess, Co. on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wild, Mr. Stephen F. Angell, of Spencertown, to Miss Hannah C. only daughter of George Ham of the former place.
At Claverack, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Ira C. Boice, Mr. Henry Smith, of Ghent, to Miss Mary Ann Sgendorph, of Claverack.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 27th ult. Thaddeus Perry, aged 23 years.
On the 29th ult. Zephaniah Coffin, in the 77th year of his age.
On the 6th inst. very suddenly, Wm. A. Bunker, in the 32d year of his age.
In Williamson, Wayne Co. N. Y. on the 27th ult. Philip Mink, Jr. formerly of this Co. aged about 28 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND THADEUS PERRY.

Yes; he is dead:—and death is on him now,
Like the calm stillness of a breathing sleep;
But when you press your hand upon his brow,
And feel the coldness on your heart strings creep,
You know that he will never more arise:—
And tears come gathering to your clouded eyes.

Yes; he is dead:—at morn nor eve no more,
The footfall of his coming shall we hear;—
His form will never cross the threshold door;
Nor fond hearts gladden that he draweth near.
For death has shrouded in his clustering hair,
And placed his hand upon his forehead fair.

Yes; he is dead:—but we remember well,
His many virtues and his kindly heart:—
And we shall love in coming years to tell,
Of happy moments where he bore a part.
Sweet flowers and blossoms in the spring shall wave
Upon the soft mould of his quiet grave.

Yes; he is dead:—and life looks just as winning,
And sky and earth as fair as e'er before;
And we go on rejoicing; grieving; sinning:—
Receiving not the lesson that it bore.
Oh! that it might but turn us on our way,
So we should find the glorious better day.
November, 1848.

BARRY GRAY.

For the Rural Repository.

WHO DOST THOU LOVE?

BY MRS. L. A. BROCKSBANK.

Who dost thou love?—I asked a babe—
A rosy, dimpled boy;
Whose ruby lips were wreathed with smiles,
With eyes like gems of joy.
Who dost thou love?—His infant tongue
Had not yet learned to speak,
But to his mother's arms he sprang
And kissed her glowing cheek.

Who dost thou love?—I asked a child—
A little cherub fair;
Who plucked with ruthless hands the flowers,
To wreath her golden hair.
Who dost thou love?—She paused awhile
To ponder well my words,
Waving her hand, she sweetly said,
"Flowers—and the bonny birds."

Who dost thou love?—I asked a youth
Of bright and flashing eye—
Whose young heart seemed too full of mirth
To listen or reply.
Who dost thou love?—"My dog" he cried,
"My pony and my play."
Then with a shout he snapped his whip—
Mounted and rode away.

Who dost thou love?—I asked a maid
Of sweet and modest mien—
Who held a volume, upside down!
(Not reading it I ween.)
Who dost thou love?—The rosy-cheeked
Her pearly brow o'erspread,
She hid a picture, near her heart,
And speechless—hung her head.

Who dost thou love?—I asked a slave
Of Fashion and the Fair,
Who looked too exquisite to breathe
Our vulgar, plebeian air.

Who dost thou love?—A glass he screwed
Into his soulless eye—
A graceful twirl his moustache gave
"Myself," was his reply.

Who dost thou love?—I asked a man
Of later—riper years
Who his "wild oat crop" had sown,
And reaped it too in tears.
Who dost thou love?—"Not sport" he said
"As in gone days of old;
But my hard-earned treasure now,
My bright, and powerful gold."

Who dost thou love?—I asked a form
Bowed down by weight of years,
Whose scanty locks, were silvered o'er
By time, and care, and tears.
Who dost thou love?—With silent gaze
His eye was fixed above,
As o'er the time-marked features played
A smile of heavenly love.

"I once loved gold—but wealth found wings,
My idols—God removed—
Some friends proved false, the faithful died,
Till nought remained to love;
Blighted were all the buds of hope
Upon life's dreary road,
'Twas then I turned my eyes from earth,
And learned to love my God."

Hudson, Nov. 1848.

For the Rural Repository.

THE AUTUMN DAYS.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

The leaden clouds that gloom the sky,
As Summer's farewell anthems die,
Whose last note burns with praise;
The sighing breeze amid the wood,
Where hosts with royal banners stood,
Proclaim the Autumn days.

The funeral dirge that like a wave,
Flows o'er the land from Flora's grave,
And softly shades the heart;
The shrieking tones of old decay,
Pleading for promise and for May,
And fearing to depart;

The mourning power, that seeks in vain,
To waken from the furrowed plain,
Some vestige of its Life;
The cold and dingy tree-tops, where
No leaf is bowed by summer air,
In playful fearless strife;

The roseless stock that leans upon
My lattice, when its bloom is done,
And waits the vernal rays;
All things where'er I turn my eyes,
Amid Creation's mysteries—
Proclaim the Autumn Days.

Norwich, Conn. 1848.

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Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1848.

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